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5	MEGAN
12	MF PRESENTS...
15	MEGAN COXXX
23	SATIN
30	CINDY
38	DORA

44	GEMMA
59	FRAN
70	QUEST
75	NATASHA
83	ANNA
93	CLASSIC



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MAYFAIR Male



Dirty minded? Good then you sound like just our type! Why not drop us a line and tell us what's been ringing your bell – or otherwise – in *Mayfair*?

E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com

CAM-THRILL-A!

Dear Mayfair,

I just wanted to say that whilst I thought Gary's letter in the last issue was a bit over-the-top (to say the least!), I must admit I do share his love of bare female legs and feet. The set of Camilla, for instance, was heaven to me – even if her feet weren't exactly the first things I looked at. So can I put in my vote for more of the same? I enjoyed Ms. Fortune too; will she be a regular feature? A worthy successor to the wonderful 'Carrie' is one thing that's been missing from *Mayfair* for far too long, if you ask me!

By the way, I recently found on eBay a "Mayfair Letters Special", from last year, that had eluded me completely, when it first came out. How many have there been? The other specials also seem to appear at slightly irregular intervals, so could I ask you to make some mention of it in the magazine, or maybe on the website, when a special of any kind is due?

Andy, via email.

Yes, the *Letters Special* came out a few months back, and we'll almost certainly be putting another one together before too long. OK, we'll try and publicise the event a bit in the regular mag next time we do one! The other specials, *Best Of's* and *Lingerie's*, both appear quarterly, so look out for each ever 3 months or so! Legs and feet, meanwhile, are something we all love, surely, so we'll make sure we feature plenty from now on!



NICE PUBES!

Dear Mayfair,

I say, what a great job you do with *Mayfair* magazine! I just bought volume 46 issue 1, and I have to say it's great to see such a lovely young lady like Amy with a nice hairy bush! And I was really taken with the very sexy stunner Miss Tibby – great tits and a fantastic arse. More soon of Miss Tibby, please!

While I'm here, I was wondering if you'd be featuring any of the following girls in

Mayfair any time soon; Lilly Roma, Robyn Alexandra, Lucy Pinder and Sophie Howard.

Ryan, Watford.

Hmm, those girls are a bit tricky to pin down to proper, Mayfair strength style shoots, but of course we'd love to see them as well, so we'll do what we can.

Amy and Tibby will both be back though, we can certainly promise you that!



LAIRD ABOVE!

Dear Mayfair,

I had to write in to say Covergirl Jenny Laird on 46.01 is truly gorgeous, although I've never been a fan of that position with the bum poked at the camera – not sure why! She's a classic *Mayfair* girl, though, beautiful but that bit dirty looking. It's a shame we didn't get to see more of her lovely tits in the set, though! I find myself almost agreeing with Gary from Somerset's view on the letters page that the girls can sometimes wear too much. This issue seems to have gone corset crazy! Amy, Krystal and Tibby are wearing them, then there's Vanessa's tights and Bambi's top. I've always thought it might be nice to see one shoot per issue with

a stark naked girl in every single shoot, not even with heels or stockings on. Don't get me wrong, I like a little bit teasing, but nudity's also rather nice.

Anyway, back to Jenny – the penultimate spread offers one of my favourite views, the pussy from behind. Congratulations on the centrefold shot, too, which shows a truly immaculate pussy.

Elsewhere, Camilla is lovely – Christ, is she really a student? (Yep! – Ed.) Another ace final shot there.

Amy is phenomenal, although she looked rather different in the DVD? The shots with her hairy pussy, legs open and stockings are my idea of porn heaven, so cheers for those.

I like the look of *Charlotte's Progress*, too – quite a nice touch starting it with a masturbation tale to gently ease us into her column...

Bambi's gorgeous, and I'd certainly show her round Bath any day.

Tibby's an interesting one, a little older and dirtier looking than average, very shaggable looking, quite old school in some ways, no pun intended. A turn-on having her write 'we saw Miss Tibby's hairy bush' on the board (even though it's not actually that hairy!). Great tits, too!

Keep up the good work. You provide a wee bright spot in life each month.

Rob, Bath.



Continued on page 22 ►

Can you guess what it was about the delicious Megan Jones that first caught our eye? Well, OK, there are actually quite a few things about the lusty 26 year old babe that are eye-catching, but yes, you got it – it was that wonderfully inviting muff of hers that really got the Ed sitting up and taking notice! Isn't it a doozie? And Megan herself is clearly pretty proud of it herself...

“Oh yes, I know a lot of girls like to shave it all off these days, but I don't know, I've always found the feel of a nice furry pussy a real turn-on!”

Sounds fair enough to us!



MEGAN

Age: 26 **Vital Stats:** 36E-25-36 5'7"

Photographer: Twistys













Feature

MAYFAIR
Presents...

LOU
CHARMELLE



Far from pussy-footing around with striptease and wanking scenes, Lou went right in at the business end, signing up for anal movies such as *Bienvenue Chez Les Ch'tites Coquines* or *Welcome to the Young Naughty Girls' House*.

French girls currently making a name for themselves at the glossier end of the porn business are few and far between. Of course, you've got the legend that is Katsuni and a couple of other popular starlets in Natasha Nice and Melissa Lauren, but don't be fooled by high-profile American performers such as Lacey Duvalle and Madelyn Marie, who have chosen Gallic sounding stage names seemingly in order to both confuse punters and give themselves a bit of extra *Je Ne Sais Quoi*.

As for newbies from France, well they're virtually non-existent. I say 'virtually' because currently rocketing up through the ranks is the gorgeous and very sultry Lou Charmelle, a petite porner from across the channel who is currently doing very well for herself working with those giants of the American porn world, Digital Playground.

Lou's rise to the upper echelons of the industry has been nothing short of meteoric. She kicked off her career in 2008 with appearances in a series of fairly low-budget French flicks, working alongside prolific directors-cum-pornstars Fabien Lafait and Marc Dorcel as part of what Lou calls 'a test of her sexual limitations' – one she passed with flying colours.

Indeed, far from pussy-footing around with striptease and wanking scenes, Lou went right in at the business end, immediately signing up for anal action in movies such as *Bienvenue Chez Les Ch'tites Coquines*, a film with a fancy title that perhaps rather disappointingly translates as *Welcome To The Young Naughty Girls' House*.

After a year or so performing in France, Lou's enthusiastic approach to her hardcore work caught the attention of Evil Angel, with whom she continued to test those apparently non-existent sexual limitations of hers in some seriously filthy onscreen action.

The reviewers waxed lyrical over this slender French stunner, the less explicit ones referring to her as 'damn sexy' and a 'really hot performer', and describing her onscreen antics as, amongst many other much ruder things, 'energetic' and 'willing'.

All of a sudden, Lou was one of the most hotly-tipped girls in the industry, and Digital Playground were quick to snap her up for a couple of big releases – *Sneaking Around* and *Buy a Bride* – towards the end of 2010, with more in the pipeline for 2011. Lou also recently enjoyed working with Rocco Siffredi for *Psycho Love*, so expect some gonzo



MAYFAIR

Presents...

LOU CHARMELLE

Lou likes to masturbate in bed at night to help her relax – using her fingers rather than toys as they get her off more quickly...

releases, too.

So the future looks bright for this cross-channel cutie, and it looks as though she'll be continuing in that aforementioned quest to 'test her sexual limitations' for some time to come. But what of the woman behind the passionate hardcore hottie?

To be quite honest, it's difficult to drag her away from her favourite subject of shagging,

but what we can tell you is that at present porn is her second job – a hobby, as she calls it – and for her regular 9-5 she works as a care worker. Whether this will change as Lou continues to enjoy more and more success in the industry is anyone's guess, although at present she shoots just twice a month.

Lou also reveals that she would like to tone up a bit at the gym, but hates exercise, although with that beautifully slim figure we don't think she has to worry too much about working out just yet, and she likes to masturbate in bed at night to help her relax – using her fingers rather than toys as they get her off quicker, just for the record. Lo and behold, we're on the subject of sex again.

Lou loves giving blow-jobs and licking pussy – she likes men and women equally –

her favourite position is doggie, she does anal professionally and in her personal life, and all things considered is one of the most open and sexually obsessed girls that we've ever featured in the *Mayfair Presents...* pages.

If there's one thing that gets on her nerves, however, it's that men don't know how to handle the clitoris, although Lou's always happy to give lessons to her partners. Indeed she'll often have to dominate blokes in bed because they lack imagination.

Certainly, imagination is something that Ms Charmelle isn't short on, and she's using it all the time in order to see just how far she can push herself in her scenes, both glossy and gonzo. Sit back and enjoy the ride.



Ah-ha – here we are on page 71 and we thought we'd only go and spring another brand new British babe on our unsuspecting readers! Megan here hails from Hampshire, but having sat in on this shoot as she uncovered her assets we reckon the world's her oyster now! Thankfully, she seems like a very level-headed sort of girl, and she's not getting all giddy just yet about what might be round the corner... "At the moment I'm just trying my hand at this. I've always felt pretty relaxed about my body, and after a few friends told me I ought to try modelling I thought I'd take the plunge. If I get to see a bit of the world and meet a few people while I'm at it, so much the better, of course, but I guess it all depends on whether your readers like me..." Well, there you go then – if you want to see more of Megan, you'd better make your feelings known!

Megan

Age: 21 Vital Stats: 34B-25-35

Photos: VLT





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PICS**

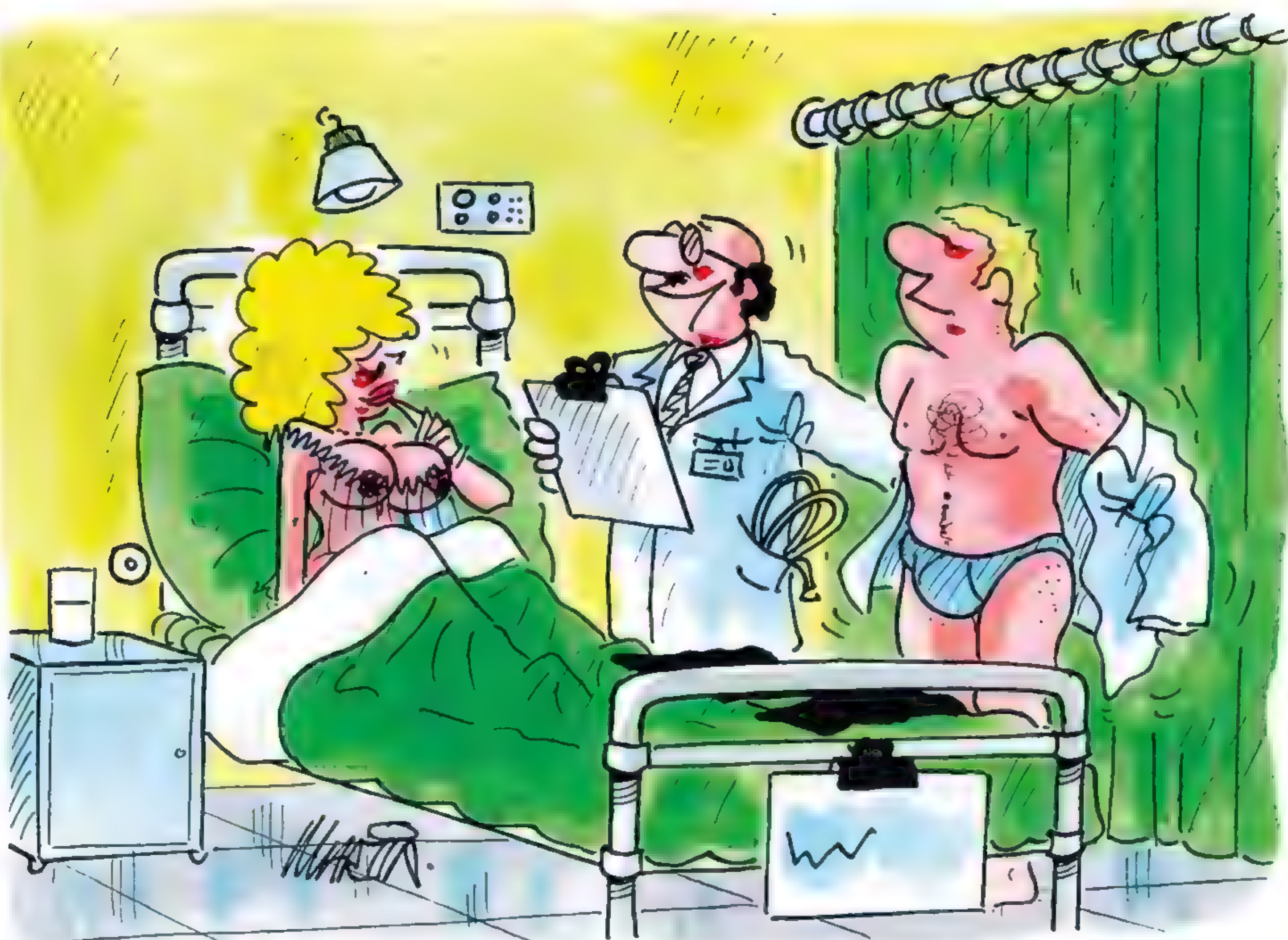
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"All that talk about artificial insemination was just for your husband's benefit! Now, I'd like you to meet Brian."

Thanks for your thoughts, Rob. 'Charlotte' will be pleased to hear you liked her opener – she's always very keen for us to pass on any feedback we get to her – in fact she's asked us to mention that she'd like to hear from as many readers as possible who've got any ideas for her, because she's happy to try more or less anything... once, at least! Hmm, and OK, so maybe a bit more full-on nudity should be on the cards... The Ed.

WEBB DREAMS!

Dear Mayfair,
I would like to say that I thought 46.01 was



of a particularly high standard. With more outfits and plenty of variation there has to be something there for everyone! I'm pleased you defended Mayfair's lingerie stance – me being more into outfits than out and out nudity. And on the subject of corny Christmas sets, well I for one love them! Girls dressed up in tiny Santa skirts and pulling crackers – what's wrong with that once a year?!

Also on the subject of 46.01, I think Krystal Webb is exactly the right shape. She's also extremely attractive and knows exactly how to look at the camera. She has just the sort of exotic look I like, and just like Hannah Claydon I can never tire of her! Thanks for such an uplifting issue!

John, Nottingham.

Cheers John – it's good to know that someone appreciates the Christmas sets and that we're not just doing them because, well, they've always been done like that! Krystal, meanwhile, does have just about the perfect body shape, doesn't she? And it's a shape we intend to see plenty more of as we head through 2011!

BAMBI'S BACK!

Dear Mayfair,

Firstly, well done and thank you for managing to feature a very impressive tally of three brand new British girls in 46.01. Obviously it's a great thing for us fans of homegrown hotties to see a trio of gorgeous, and very different, models fresh on the scene in Amy, Jenny and Miss Tibby (very silly name, by the way!), and at the risk of stating the obvious I hope they'll all be back in Mayfair very soon, along with that other homegrown honey from 46.01, Krystal Webb.

Okay, so with that off my chest, I'll move on swiftly to my main point, as I don't want

to wax lyrical about the bevvvy of British beauties for too long – I realise that loads of readers have probably written in to you enthusing about them already (Well yes – see above, for some instances – Ed.)!

Instead, I actually want to say a big congratulations for bringing back Bambi, a blonde babe who had become one of my favourite Mayfair regulars before she decided to mysteriously disappear from off the face of the modelling world.

Honestly, I wish I'd known she was going to take a three-year break from getting her kit off. I'd have saved some of her old appearances in the magazine as a reserve supply to see me through the drought!

Saying that, I guess I should just be thankful that Bambi has returned at all, and that she still looks as cute and sexy as I remember. If anything, she seems a bit slimmer and her boobs are even perkier than they were before, if that's actually possible!

So please, please, please don't let Bambi go on another lengthy hiatus and please get her back in the magazine as soon as possible, just in case she decides to bugger off again. One thing's for sure, I won't be making the silly mistake of sticking my copy of 46.01 in the recycling. And that goes for any future issues with Bambi in, too!

Ben, Norwich

Thanks for the feedback Ben! Now models are typically very unpredictable sorts (it's probably part of their charm – along with the way they like to take their clothes off for us!), so short of keeping her under lock and key in the Mayfair stationery cupboard we can't guarantee that Bambi won't do a disappearing act on us again, and although it would be nice to have her around the place that isn't really a very sensible, or indeed legal, option.

However, you can guarantee that we'll be doing our utmost to get her back in the magazine again before too long. In the meantime, keep hold of that copy of 46.01!



Satin

Age: 25 Vital Stats: 34C-24-34

Photos: DDF

45.5's covergirl Satin put on an impressive showing in our recent Girl of the Year vote, so we thought it only fair to get her back for another shoot. And besides, we wanted another look at that stunning bod of hers! So anyway, when we told her just how many of you lot had voted for her she was thrilled to bits.

"Modelling for magazines, you're never really sure what the readers think, so it's really great to have some positive feedback from *Mayfair* readers!"

Well, you can call it positive feedback if you like, pet – we reckon you all just think she's dead sexy.

















Cindy

Age: 25 **Vital Stats:** 32B-23-34

Photographer: DDF

Cindy, in case you couldn't guess, has a bit of a soft spot for shopping – it's possibly her second favourite hobby. But of course it's also pretty obvious from these pictures what her absolute fave hobby is, so she was really up for this shoot.

"Mmm, for some reason buying some new clothes always makes me feel horny!" she told us, "and so does drinking champagne!" Well, in that case we knew we were onto a winner, and it wasn't long before that lovely pussy of hers was getting some serious attention. If you've never supped bubbly that's just been poured over a beautiful girl's ladybits, you've never lived!



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Well, we said the Ed had been revisiting a few old favourites this issue, and he put quite a few smiles on the faces round the office when he said it was high time Dora here made a re-appearance. It'd always been one of the highlights of the job, getting along to, erm, cop an eyeful when Dora's having a shoot, and sure enough it was no exception when she turned up this time, either! There's something about the curve of her boobs and bum that gets us every time, but don't just take our word for it – flick over the page and check them out for yourself!

Dora

Age: 28 **Vital Stats:** 34D-24-35 5'4"

Photos: DDF

















Gemma

Ages: 24 **Vital Stats:** 32D-22-32

Photographer: Steve Dutton

Well, they say the best things in life are worth waiting for, but even so it does seem a tad too long since we last checked in with the babelicious Gemma Massey! So what's she been up to?

"Well, I've made a few films – done a bit of travelling and got acquainted with a lot of new friends! That's been keeping me busy so far..."

'Getting acquainted with new friends'? That's one way of putting it – we've seen a couple of those films, and we'd certainly like to 'get acquainted' with you in the same sort of way!

"Ha-ha, yes, well it's true – there was a certain amount of pussy licking involved!"









Gemma

MAYFAIR

POSTER POSER





Gentlemen, That Reminds Me

Well what do you know – a couple of these actually made us laugh! Got any good ones yourself? Then email: mayfair@paulraymond.com or send them to: Mayfair, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR.

A man and his wife are awakened at three o'clock in the morning by a loud pounding on their front door. The man gets up and goes down to find a stranger, standing in the pouring rain, who asks him for a push.

"Not a chance," says the husband, "it's three o'clock in the morning!" He slams the door and returns to bed.

"Who was that?" asks his wife.

"Just some guy asking for a push," he answers.

"Did you help him?" she asks.

"No, I did not, it's three in the morning and it's pouring down outside!"

"Well, you have a short memory," says his wife. "Don't you remember about three months ago when we broke down and those two guys helped us? I think you should help him, and you should be ashamed of yourself!"

The man gets dressed and goes out into the pouring rain. He calls out, "Hello, are you still there?"

"Yes," comes back the answer.

"Do you still need a push?" calls out the husband.

"Yes, please!" comes the reply from the dark.

"Where are you?" asks the husband.

"Over here, on the swing!" replies the man.

A man walks into a pub, notices a very large jar on the counter, and sees that it's filled to the brim with £10 notes. He guesses there must be at least ten thousand pounds in it.

He approaches the barman and asks, "What's with the money in the jar?"

"Well, you pay £10, and if you pass three tests, you get all the money and the keys to a brand new Ferrari."

The man certainly isn't going to pass this up, so he asks, "What are the three tests?"

"You've got to pay first," says the barman, "those are the rules."

So, after thinking it over a while, the man gives the bartender £10 which he stuffs into the jar.

"OK," says the bartender, "here's what you need to do: First you have to drink a pint of tequila in 60 seconds or less, and you can't make a face while doing it.

"Secondly, there's a pit bull chained in the back with a bad tooth. You have to remove that tooth with your bare hands.

"Thirdly, there's a 90 year-old lady upstairs who has never had sex. You have to take care of that problem."

The man is stunned. "I know I've paid my

What does DNA stand for?
The National Dyslexic Association

£10 but I'm not an idiot. You'd have to be nuts to drink a quart of tequila and then do all those other things!"

"Your call," says the barman.

As time goes on, the man has many more drinks and finally says, "Okay, where's the damn tequila?!"

He grabs the glass with both hands and drinks it as fast as he can. Tears stream down both cheeks, but he doesn't make a face, and he drinks it in 58 seconds.

Next, he staggers out the back door where he sees the pit bull chained to a pole. Soon, the people inside the bar hear loud growling, screaming, and sounds of a terrible fight – then, nothing but silence.

Just when they think that the man must be dead, he staggers back into the bar. His clothes are ripped to shreds and he's bleeding from bites and gashes all over his body.

He drunkenly says, "Now, where's that old woman with the bad tooth?"

What did the blonde say when she found out she was pregnant?

"Are you sure it's mine?"

What would you call it when an Italian has one arm shorter than the other?

A speech impediment.

A blonde and a lawyer are seated next to each other on a flight from Los Angeles to New York. The lawyer asks if she would like to play a fun game. The blonde, tired, just wants to sleep, so she politely declines and rolls over to the window to catch a few winks.

The lawyer persists and explains that the game is easy and a lot of fun. He says, "I ask you a question, and if you don't know the answer, you pay me five dollars, and vice versa."

Again, she declines and tries to get some sleep.

The lawyer, now agitated, says, "Okay, if you don't know the answer, you pay me \$5, and if I don't know the answer, I will pay you \$500."

This catches the blonde's attention and, figuring there will be no end to this torment, she agrees to the game.

The lawyer asks the first question: "What's the distance from the earth to the moon?"

The blonde doesn't say a word, reaches into her purse, pulls out a \$5 bill, and hands it over.

"OK," says the lawyer, "your turn."

She asks, "What goes up a hill with three legs and comes down with four legs?"

The lawyer, puzzled, takes out his laptop computer and searches all his references – no answer. He taps into the air phone with his modem and searches the Internet and the Library of Congress – no answer. Frustrated, he sends e-mails to all of his friends and co-workers but to no avail. After an hour, he wakes the blonde and hands her \$500.

The blonde thanks him and turns back to get some more sleep. The lawyer, who is more than a little miffed, stirs the blonde and asks, "Well, what's the answer?"

Without a word, the blonde reaches into her purse, hands the lawyer \$5, and goes back to sleep.

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"Can I call you back, Mark? I'm in the middle of a sandwich..."

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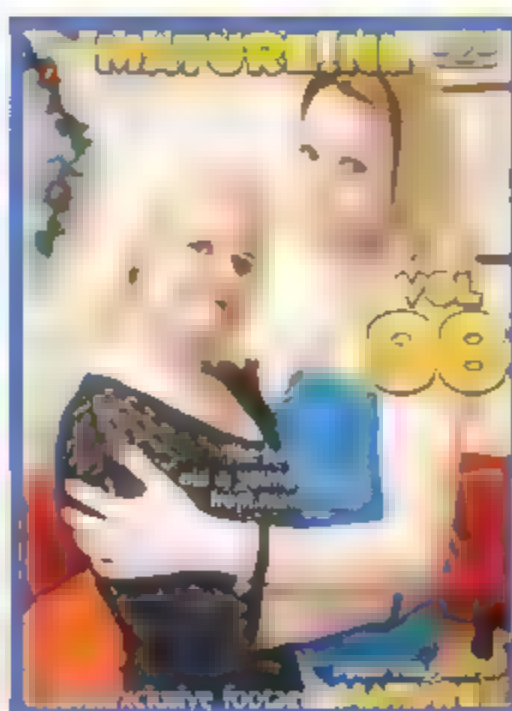
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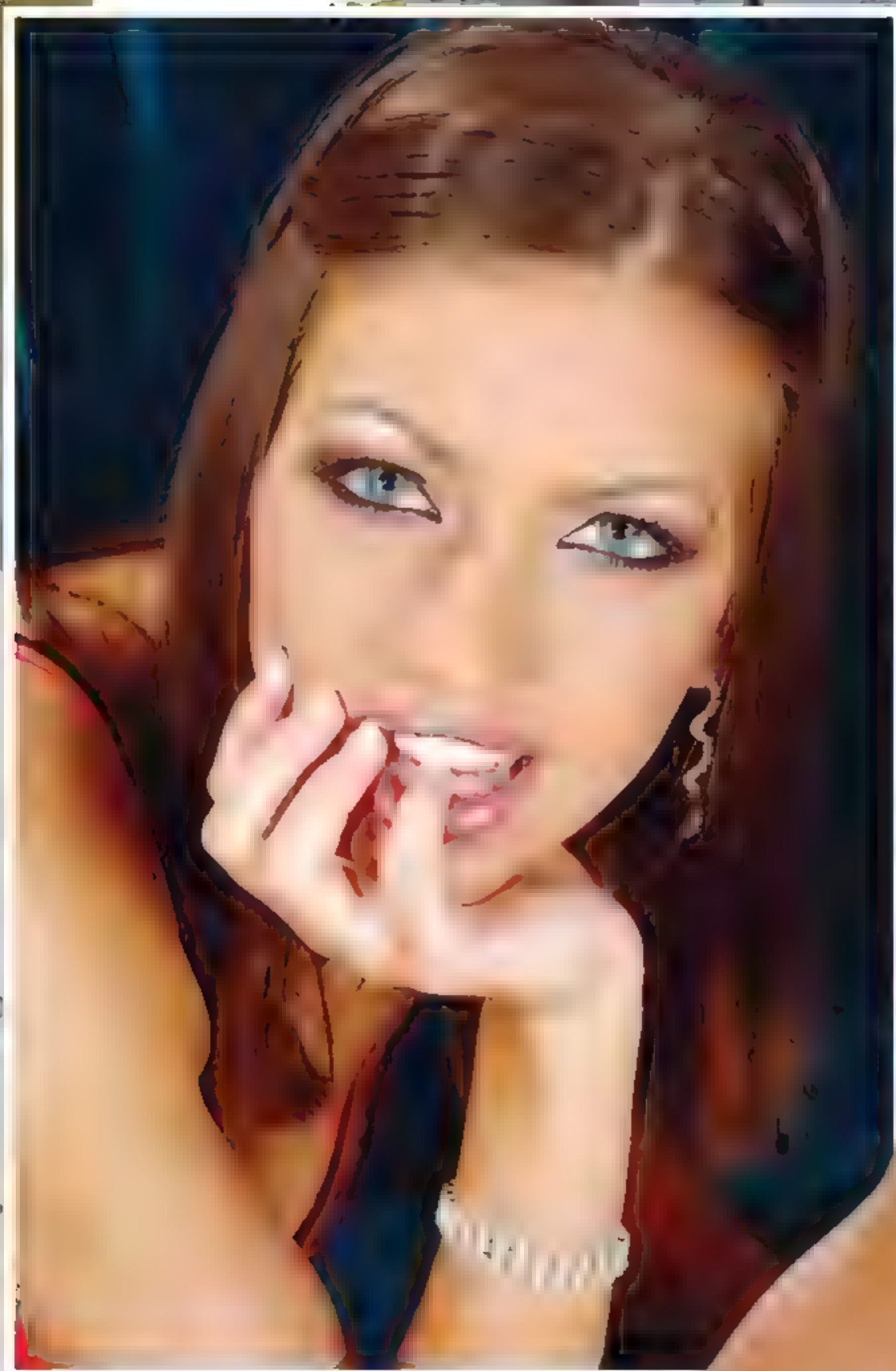
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Fran

Age: 25 Vital Stats: 36B-25-37

Photographer: DDF




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That's rather a grand sofa, isn't it?
Quite frankly a lot of girls would probably be a bit nervy about having such a posh piece of furniture as a prop in a set with them, for fear of being upstaged, but there were no such worries for Fran here! She's an absolute scorcher who deserves a lot more than your typical bit of Homebase tat to pose on, so while the studio manager was getting a bit twitchy about whether she'd get herself all worked up and leave a stain or two on the velvet upholstery, we really couldn't have given a stuff. And besides, any sofa that's lucky enough to have a bit of Fran's fanny juice soaked into should consider itself damn lucky!





Quest

There are more pastimes than nookie, of course – as these letters prove. Still, nookie's clearly the best, as they also prove!



Name: Carol

Age: 31

From: Derby

Among the most fun things I have ever done was to play strip poker with a group of mates. It happened one night after my friend Janine had invited us all around for supper at her new flat. As she was not much of a cook we had ordered Indian take-out and Janine had supplied beer and red wine.

Janine had a new boyfriend, Alex, who had invited his mate Nick, and, as I was Janine's best friend, she had invited me. It wasn't intended as a blind date, just a handful of people getting together to celebrate their friends' house move.

The food had been rather spicy, which made everyone drink quite a lot, and we all got on very well together it wasn't long before the whole flat was ringing with uproarious laughter as the jokes and stories became more daring.

We were all well tipsy when Alex suggested that we leave the food and move into the sitting area. This was, I knew, a ploy to allow him to touch up Janine in comfort, but we all agreed. After all, Nick and I had been getting on well and the sofa was a sight more comfortable than Janine's new dining suite.

Soon we were slugging back beer and giggling, the majority of us slumped among the cosy cushions of Janine's sofa. After a while, Alex, who was parked on the carpet, suggested some drinking games. We tried them out but

"I parted my legs to allow him proper access, this time with his cock."

only with moderate success. And then Nick suggested that we go for broke and play that well-tried old favourite "strip poker"... seeing as how we were "all such close friends".

Out came the cards. Janine was first to find herself holding the lowest hand which meant she had to remove an item of clothing. This she did without protest – no wonder, really, it was only her hair-band. I felt good when I saw this, realising that Janine and I had an advantage over the guys owing to the fact that as girls we had a number of accessories we could afford to remove before having to shed clothing.

My optimism was short-lived, though, because I soon saw that both guys were competent players. In fact the most they had lost in any number of hands was their watches and ties. Losing again, Janine gave a little embarrassed squeal as she slid down her tights from beneath her skirt.

I peeped up at Alex, who was wearing something akin to a wolfish grin as he watched his girlfriend toss aside the first actual item of clothing. I had not been doing too well myself so far and was glad that instead of wearing tights I was in stockings. These would buy me an extra couple of losses. However, it only delayed the inevitable and minutes later I was unsnapping the suspenders which held the stockings up and rolling each stocking in turn down my legs and over my toes as the boys



watched, grinning in appreciation as they glimpsed my garter belt and G-string panties.

Janine started to protest that the guys had the advantage because they knew the game so well, but they brushed her complaints aside, reminding us that we were allowed to lose bits and bobs like hair clips and belts when we lost.

However, a few minutes later their own luck took a turn for the worse and soon Alex and Nick were removing almost as many items of clothing as Janine and me. It was only then that I copped on to the real object of the exercise, and began rolling around in only my bra and panties laughing as I explained to Janine that we were being had, and that the whole game was a ruse to get everyone in the room starkers.

She giggled, reaching for Nick's shorts and tugging them down, which caught both her boyfriend and his mate by surprise.

"Hey," Alex yelled at her, "you're supposed to be interested in my tackle, not Nick's!" We all collapsed on the floor in a tangle as Janine joked with her boyfriend while twirling Nick's silk boxers in the air.

I forgot my inhibitions when I saw Nick's semi-naked body. He was kneeling with the front of his shirt open and his cock and balls on display. I could not resist reaching for his long thick shaft and stroking it.

As Nick slid a finger inside my panties, teasing my already-moist pussy Alex was wreaking his revenge on Janine by removing her bra. My pussy was responding to Nick's attentions bigtime by now and I parted my legs to allow him proper access, this time with his cock.

Then, to my total surprise, Janine wriggled over to me and began to lick one of my nipples

as Nick began fucking me! I had never indulged in group sex before, but it felt so good that I certainly had no objection.

While Nick fucked me I noticed he was fingering Janine's pussy. Her twat was shaven and I could see how wet and pink it was. That's when I spotted Alex shuffling up beside me on his knees with his cock standing erect and its bell-end dripping with pre-come. I reached for it and was rewarded by feeling his thick shaft flex and swell even more as I began to wank it.

Nick was fucking me hard and fast and just as I felt him getting ready to blast his load, Janine wrestled Alex's pulsing cock from my fist and, moving closer, shoved it hard inside her pussy.

I felt enveloped in a mass of writhing bodies, each fucking, sucking and titillating one another's most erogenous areas as I started to come, my

body so totally given over to pleasure that I did not know whose hand, cock or tit was where.

At last, sated and exhausted, we all fell apart on the carpet, kissing, smiling and totally relaxed, and Janine and myself with a new-found appreciation for card games.

Name: Tania

Age: 25

From: Stevenage

It's about this time every year that I have the sudden urge to get fit. I know with most people it's earlier in the year, but in January I'm always feeling too blue that the summer's still an age away. But by March time, I've 'comforted' myself so much that I realise I need to get down the gym if my porky legs are to see daylight this summer. Every year brings a new fad, too. Last year it was spinning, the year before yoga – there aren't many new exercise trends I'm not at least slightly familiar with! This year I hadn't got around to thinking about what I was going to do, only that I had to do something to get in shape. I was having this discussion with the girls at work, when Chloe, a new girl that I didn't know too well, suggested I join her for a game of squash one night after work. I agreed, despite never having played squash before. Not one for making new friends easily, I looked at this as an opportunity to get to know someone new, as well as getting fit. Plus, judging by the look of Chloe's toned arms and svelte figure,

it obviously did the trick! We arranged to meet after work the following Tuesday, and go for a game.

I've never been with a woman – nor have I ever had the urge to – but have always been able to admire a beautiful body when I see one! And when I saw Chloe in her cute outfit, I couldn't help but stare.

I had already admitted I'd never been into racquet sports, and Chloe only had to take one look at me attempting to serve to realise this. She giggled and took the piss for a bit, before coming over to me.

"No, not like that! Here, let me..." she grabbed my hand that held my racquet, and repositioned it, "More like this. See? Now, just..."

And with that she was behind me, her hand gripping the racquet over mine, her body pressing gently into me, while she showed me the correct stance. I was surprised to feel a little tingle in my clit as she swung my arm back in a serving motion, and I felt my breath catch in my throat. I shook it off, surprised at myself.

After what can only be described as a hilarious attempt at my first game of squash, we'd built up quite a sweat. Well, I had, anyway, I'm not so sure about Chloe! Our session over, we made our way to the changing room to hit the showers. Not forgetting my earlier tingle, I was slightly hesitant at first and held back a bit – especially when I saw Chloe peel off her little pleated skirt and tight, white top, which made my pussy twitch once more. Again, I shook it off – I had never been into girls, what was wrong with me?

I stripped out of my sweaty gear and wrapped myself in my towel, feeling a bit self-conscious. When I appeared round the corner of the shared showers, and dropped my towel to the side, I felt Chloe's eyes checking me out through the steam. I smiled at her nervously, glancing at her pert boobs, partially covered in soapy bubbles. As I poured some shower gel into my hands and began lathering myself up, I didn't have to touch my slit to know that my pussy was more than slightly moist, my clit had started throbbing the second I'd caught sight of Chloe's naked bod. There was a real air of expectation between us, and I started to wonder how, or if, anything was going to occur.

Then, quite suddenly, she kissed me. I tensed up at first, but as her tongue explored my mouth, my body relaxed so much it felt like it was melting against hers, and I kissed her back passionately. I could barely catch my breath as she ran her fingers through my hair with one hand and reached for my breast with the other, kissing my neck. She pressed me up against the wall, the water spraying over us, and I could feel her hips grinding against mine, as she rolled my nipple between her fingers. I tentatively stroked her firm boobs, gaining confidence as her nipples hardened into little bullets under my hands, and her breathing got heavier.

Her hands were stroking my bum, her fingers moving closer and closer to my crack until the tip of one brushed my asshole. I jumped a little and she snaked her hand round to my, by now, sopping fanny. I let out an involuntary groan as she began rubbing my clit. I parted my legs slightly, and felt one slim finger slip gently between my lips and inside me, followed by another. As they began to pump in and out of me, I felt myself losing control.



My breath coming in short, sharp gasps as Chloe finger-fucked my aching hole, I felt the familiar twitching of orgasm approaching. Chloe obviously recognised the signs too, because she pulled her fingers from my snatch and sucked them, offering them to me so I could taste my own juices. This was more than I could

“As she French-kissed my hole I felt an intense orgasm rip through me.”

take, and I kissed her hard, reaching between her legs to feel her moistness. She threw her head back, groaning and quivering with delight as I massaged away.

Suddenly turning the tables, Chloe pulled my hand from her crotch and dropped to her knees. Parting my legs, she reached her face up to

kiss my pubic mound and whispered, “I want to taste your cunt.” As she said this I could feel her hot breath on my clit, and when she plunged her tongue into my drenched twat, I felt my entire body shudder. She parted my lips with her hand, so she could ram her tongue deeper into me, and then began to lap away. As she French-kissed my hole, making loud slurping noises, I screamed with pleasure as I felt an intense orgasm rip through me. Shuddering, I grabbed the back of Chloe’s head, as she greedily lapped up my juices. I couldn’t quite believe how quickly and easily she had made me come.

I had never wanted to taste pussy as much as I did right now! Kissing her mouth, neck, then down her gorgeous body, she writhed and groaned more the further I went. When I got to her shaven muff, I stopped just long enough to admire it, before she splayed her legs and I instinctively ran my tongue around her labia.

Obviously in no mood to be teased, Chloe grabbed the back of my head and pushed my open mouth down onto her, my tongue disappearing inside her velvety wetness. She tasted divine, and soon I was fucking her with my tongue, relishing the musky juices as they ran down my throat. I pushed a finger into her, feeling her muscles twitch around it, my tongue flicking her puffy clit as her hips rocked to meet my finger thrusts. Grinding against my hand, I slipped another finger into her and sucked her labia lips, making a smacking sound. This seemed to be too much and, moaning loudly, Chloe began to come; her pussy muscles contracting around my digits, her grinding becoming a more frenzied bucking, the juices flooding out and running down to soak my lips.

Chloe and I meet for our regular squash session every Tuesday after work now. As I had hoped, my body’s becoming more toned, ready for the summer, and I’m slowly getting better at playing squash. Chloe is a great teacher, although she says my tongue skills have way overtaken my racquet skills!

Name: Diana

Age: 24

From: Crystal Palace

I’ve got an sister, Jane, who’s 12 years older than me, so we never actually saw much of each other when we were growing up – and to be honest we haven’t seen much of each other since, either. She lives up north with her husband Pete, and although we’ve just about kept in touch over the years I hadn’t actually seen them for ages. However, out of the blue last year I got an invite asking me to go up and visit. I was a bit reluctant, really, but Mum talked me into it, so I packed my bags and headed up the M1 one Friday night.

When I got there Jane and Pete made me feel very welcome and they couldn’t do enough for me, and although their life seemed a little too domesticated for my tastes I was pretty sure I’d be able to manage for a couple of days. As we were having dinner Jane said they’d got a big night out planned for me the following evening. Picturing a good night dancing in a club somewhere, I was horrified when Pete explained that Saturday was the big prize night at their local bingo hall. Bingo?! I knew Jane’s tastes were a bit older than mine, but all of a sudden I seem to have strayed into proper granny territory. Still, for the sake of family unity I grinned and said I’m sure it’d be lovely.

Come the big night and Jane and Pete actually got themselves quite tarted up, so I figured I’d better make an effort as well and I slipped on my short black dress, although I was pretty sure it’s be wasted on the geriatric punters at the bingo hall. Sure enough, when we got there the majority of the people there had to be in their 60s, and I felt a very long evening looming ahead of me.

I did my best to join in, buying a few cards and grabbing a big felt tip, but very quickly I realised I wouldn’t be able to concentrate on the game too well – the bingo caller himself was a whole lot more interesting than the game! I guessed he must have been about 30, with



broad shoulders and a twinkling smile, and I'm sure I noticed him glancing over at me from time to time as he read the interminable list of numbers out. Needless to say, I did my best to attract his attention as well, and before long I'd given up all pretence of actually crossing off my numbers. After three or four games it was time for a break, and while Jane and Pete chatted to a couple of friends sitting near them I headed over to the bar, where I soon found myself face to face with the sexy caller.

"I don't think I've seen you here before," he smiled, adding, "I'm sure I'd have noticed you."

I smiled back and explained that I was just visiting the area for the weekend.

"Shame," he said, "You certainly brighten the place up a bit! Have you had any luck with the numbers so far?"

"No," I grinned, realising that now was the moment to seize the opportunity "I haven't been too lucky so far, but I'm hoping my luck might be about to change..."

He looked a bit confused for a second, then grinned from ear to ear.

"Is there anywhere we could go?" I asked,

stroking his leg and making my intentions perfectly clear.

"We've only got 15 minutes," he stammered, but I assured him that would be ample, and without further ado he led me off to his changing room, which was up some stairs round the back of the stage.

As soon as we were inside and the door was locked I sank to my knees in front of him and reached up towards his zip. Within seconds I had his lovely cock out of its confines – and although it wasn't yet fully erect I was already marvelling at its wonderful weight and thickness. Knowing we had no time to lose I grasped it firmly in one hand and teased the very tip of it with my tongue. Jason, the caller (he had a badge with his name on) let out an involuntary gasp as I slowly sank my lips over his ever-hardening meat. It wasn't long before his cock had swollen to its full size, and I worked my tongue and lips up and down his length slowly, just teasing him and anxious that he wouldn't come too soon and leave me high and dry (well, high and wet).

All I really wanted was a good hard fucking

to liven up what had so far been a pretty dull weekend, but Jason clearly wanted a taste of my pussy first, because he lifted me up, turned me round, and, reaching his hands up under my short dress, he urgently tugged my panties down over my bum and all the way to my ankles. Stepping out of them I leant forward slightly, my arms against the wall, and spread my legs wide. After a moment or two in which he was clearly taking in the view, I felt Jason lean forward and nuzzle in between my bum cheeks, his tongue probing at my moist slit.

I was already dripping wet, but he set about giving me a tongue lashing that soon had the juices literally pouring down my thighs. Much as I was enjoying this, the more he tongued me the more I craved his meat inside me, until I couldn't help telling him exactly what was on my mind.

"Come on, fuck me now," I gasped, and Jason hardly missed a beat. With me still leaning against the wall, my arse presented to him, he stood up and within a second or two his probing tongue was replaced with the tip of his throbbing cock. Pushing back, I desperately impaled myself on every inch of his pole. As it slid easily into my slippery hole I felt every vein of it on its way up until finally my bum came to rest against his belly.

We were both aware that time was tight before the next game was due to start, so without any further ado he started to pound into me, driving me forward against the wall with each thrust of his hips. I've always loved being fucked hard, and he really seemed to know what he was doing. Reaching down, I grabbed my slippery lips, feeling his cock as it slid between them, and pressed the flat of my hand hard against my clit. This always gets me off in double quick time, and I gyrated my hips a bit, pushing my love-button hard against my hand while he continued to ram his meat up me until I felt the tingling of a massive climax starting to build.

As I reached the point of no return I urged him on to one last effort, and as my pussy muscles started to spasm around his tool I felt it swell, and suddenly his hot seed gushed deep into me. We carried on for a few more seconds as he pumped spurt after spurt of his much into my wanton hole before we finally stopped, gasping, and giggling.

A quick glance at the clock informed us that he had two minutes to get ready for the next game, so I gave his cock a quick lick clean before sending him on his way and getting myself tidied up.

Jane and Pete were too busy gabbing to notice how long I'd been away as I settled back in beside them and we started the next game. I didn't end up winning anything all evening – but I certainly wasn't complaining, and I think I'll be going up to visit my sister a bit more regularly from now on.


Next Month: 'I Spy'.
Got a confession? Then send it along to **Quest, Mayfair, PRP, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU** – or email it to **mayfair@paulraymond.com**. There's £50 for the letters we use!



Natasha

Ages: 25 **Vital Stats:** 32C-25-32
Photographer: Darren McCormack

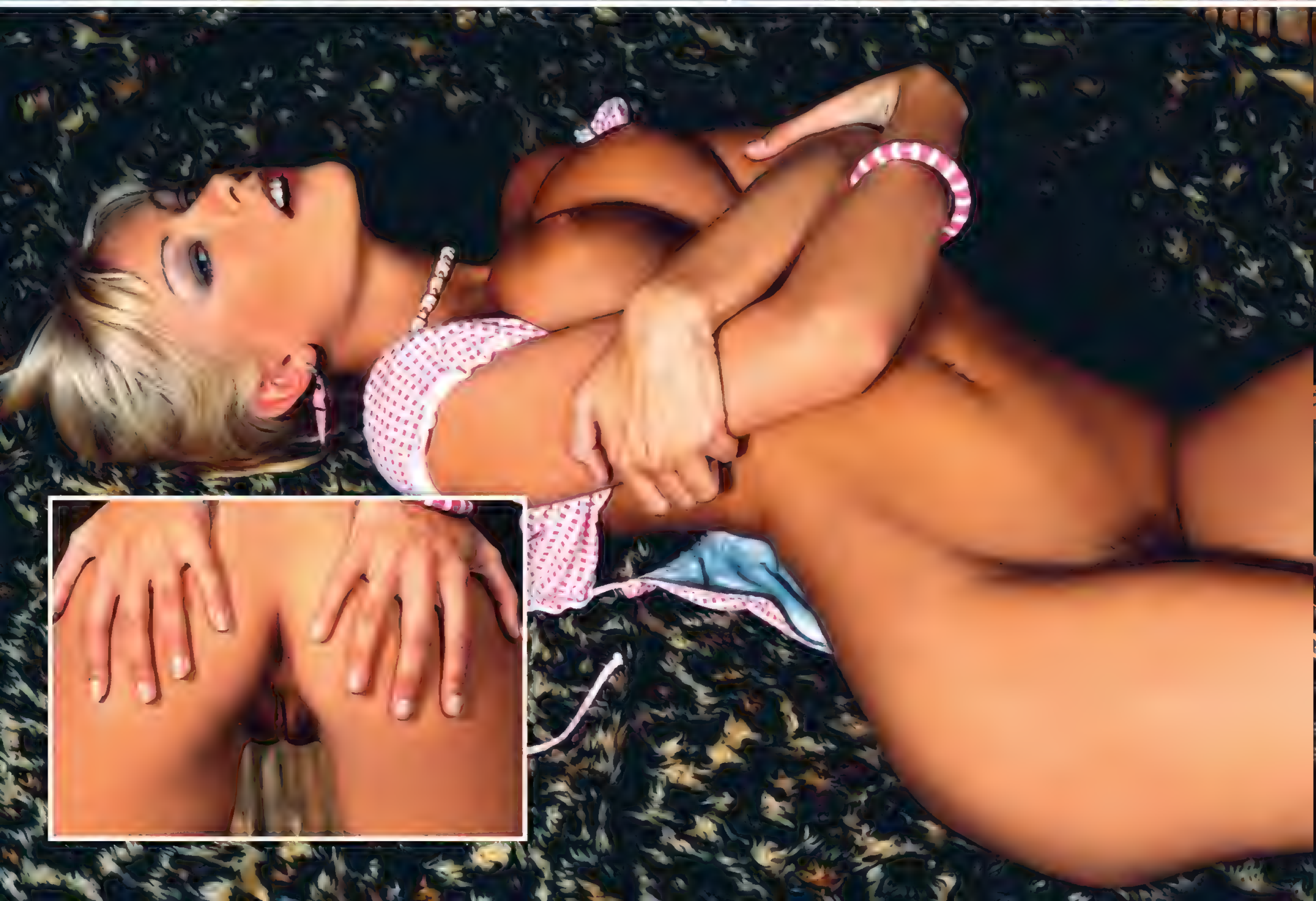




Two nailed on classics combine here – the wonderful curves and delectable beauty of Natasha Marley and... the wicker chair! One's been appearing regularly in adult mags for well over 40 years, while the other one's been appearing occasionally for the last few. Just like actors with Hamlet, the famed 'Wicker Chair Set' is something a lot of glamour models have to build up to, but we reckon Nat's got what it takes to pull it off. Hmm, and if she's in the mood for pulling things off, we've got another little suggestion we'd like to run past her...

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Anne

Age: 25 Vital Stats: 34B-24-37

Photographer: DDF

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Perhaps it's because we're all so dirty minded here at Mayfair, but for some reason we find it very hard to resist the sight of a beautiful woman taking a bath! There's something about a nice soapy pair of boobs that gives us a funny feeling all over, so when we were thinking of a nice idea for shooting debutante Anne, it wasn't long before we were reaching for the bath oils. Mind you, we're not sure who enjoyed themselves more - her or us. From the way she set about playing with that shaven spadger, she certainly seemed to be making the most of the opportunity!









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DIANA

Our dolly from down-under



If you expect 25-year-old Diana Foster to meet you with a cheery 'G'day', then you are going to be sadly disappointed, for this 34-22-34 antipodean angel is very much part of a new wave of Australians. Born in Balwyn, in Melbourne's suburbs, she is no Aussie stereotype.





'I'm far more likely to be wandering around the Australian National Gallery, than found sitting emptying a few tinnies in the midday sun, with a load of corks hanging off my hat. I get really tired of the image that you Brits seem to have of us some times.' Despite



her artistic bent, Diana is not totally immune to the lure of Melbourne's varied night life. 'Yes,' I do go out quite a lot,' she says, 'but not to some tatty bar. I prefer the more up-market night clubs, such as *Inflation* and the *Underground* which is based round a railway theme.'





Well, it's certainly nice to see that the tradition of pretty lame blurbs about models who hail from Australia has got a long and proud tradition! Still, aside from all the "G'day sport" nonsense that our colleagues of yesteryear were spouting, isn't it lovely to see these pictures of Diana and her wonderfully furry spadger? We can't think of a sight we'd rather see from the antipodes, so hats off to Diana - we can only hope she's managed to dodge all the other antipodean stereotypes that must have come her way in the last 24 years or so...



A 'good day sport' to this Melbourne minx is likely to be spent spear-fishing, off Sandringham beach. 'It's like a world of its own down there,' she says, 'once you get your sub-aqua gear on.' Her other sporting passion is Carlton football club, who sadly aren't doing so well at the moment. 'I still go and cheer the old Blue and Whites though,' she says loyally, supporting the down-under dog, like any true Australian.



MAYFAIR

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Well we're sure the question you're all asking yourselves is something like, "What have those guys at *Mayfair* got lined up for us next month?". The answer, should you be in any doubt at all, is another cracking issue crammed full of stunning British babes getting their bits and bobs out (not to mention the features, of course, which is why most of us read the mag, naturally). To prove our point, here's a little taster of newbie Sophie to whet your whistle. Isn't she something? Oh, and there's also Natasha Anastasia as well!

Sophie



Natasha

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